

RECKLESS RALPH'S

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

Vol. 21 No. 5

May 1953

Whole Number 248

BUCKSKIN MEN OF FOREST AND PLAIN

By J. Edward Leithead

Part II

Read "Gentleman Joe's Jeopardy" in No. 383 of the Log Cabin Library.



"THE ORIGINAL BUFFALO BILL STORY."

BUFFALO BILL'S BEST SHOT.

HUNTED BUNTLINE.



Photography courtesy Charles Duprez. From the LeBlanc Collection.

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Part II

Beadle & Adams' Biographical Library contained the Life of Major-General John C. Fremont, by Lieut. James Magoon (I mention this because Fremont was so closely associated with Carson), and other Beadle publications issued stories of Kit. Beadle's Pocket Novels had Carson, the Guide, or, The Perils of the Frontier, by Lieut. J. H. Randolph (Edward S. Ellis), which was reprinted, same title, as #143 of Beadle's Boy's Library (small size). Beadle's Boy's Library (large size) published as #15, Kit Carson, King of Guides, or, Mountain Paths and Prairie Trails, by Albert W. Aiken; reprinted in the small-sized edition as #3, same title.

Beadle's Dime Library #3 was Kit Carson, Jr., the Crack Shot of the West. A Romance of the Lone Star State, by Buckskin Sam (Major Sam S. Hall), with the rather unusual note beneath the author's name on the inner title page, "Right of Dramatization Reserved by the Author." This is not a Kit Carson tale, but a story of the Texas Rangers. One of the young Rangers is nicknamed "Kit Carson, Jr." The celebrated Big Foot Wallace is a character in the story, which was founded on fact. The buckskin man in the cover illustration, however, looks very much like pictures I have seen of the real Carson, clean-shaven. Most dime novel art-

ists seem not to have had much idea of Kit's size or how he looked. Usually, he is depicted as too large, often full-bearded, and while I haven't a doubt Kit sometimes let his beard grow when on the trail, fighting Indians, authentic pictures I recall show him with just a mustache or shaved clean and hair worn long but not shoulder-length.

Beadle's Dime Library #68 was The Fighting Trapper, or, Kit Carson to the Rescue, by Captain J. F. C. Adams. Perhaps it was the nephew of James Capen Adams (Old Grizzly) who wrote this, but Edward S. Ellis sometimes used "J. F. C. Adams" as a pseudonym, I understand, so he may have been the author.

There was a series of Kit Carson stories in Munro's Ten Cent Novels, #229, Kit Carson's Bride (he was married twice, to an Arapahoe girl the first time, later to a Spanish lady residing at Taos, N. M.), #230, Kit Carson, the Scout, #253, Kit Carson on the Warpath and #318, Kit Carson's Rangers.

In the Little Chief Library (Pictorial Printing Co., of Chicago) appeared the following:

#184—Kit Carson, the Border Boy.

By C. Leon Meredith.

#185—Kit Carson, the Young Hunter. By C. Leon Meredith.

#186—Kit Carson's Last Bullet. By

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Marline Manly.

#187—Kit Carson's Ghost. By Marine Manly.

#188—Kit Carson's Foe. By Major A. F. Grant.

#189—Kit Carson's Best Shot. By C. Leon Meredith.

#190—Kit Carson's Grip. By C. Leon Meredith.

#191—Kit Carson's Vow, or, Redpath of the Plains. By Col. Dimon Dana.

These were all reprinted from the Nickel Library (Pictorial Printing Co.), the latter publication having a couple of titles which seem to have been left out of Little Chief—Kit Carson's Leap and Kit Carson's Pledge, or, The Human Porcupine, both by C. Leon Meredith. I'm wondering if C. Leon Meredith was a pseudonym of Edward S. Ellis. Kit Carson was another frontiersman he liked to write about. #3 of the Nickel Library was The Boy Captive, by C. Leon Meredith, and a cloth-bound book of the same title, signed by Ellis, was published by Donohue of Chicago.

Tousey's Wide Awake Library contributed these tales to the Kit Carson saga: #828, Kit Carson's Boy Trapper, by Paul Braddon, #862, Out With Kit Carson. A Story of the Early Days of Kansas, by R. T. Emmett, #1157, Kit Carson's Little Scout, or, The Renegade's Doom, by Gaston Garne.

At least one of the above was reprinted in Pluck and Luck, which published the following, all "By an Old Scout": #25, Kit Carson, the King of the Scouts, #181, The Boy Rifle Rangers, or, Kit Carson's Three Young Scouts, #301, Kit Carson's Little Scout, or The Renegade's Doom (reprint of Wide Awake #1157), #340, Kit Carson's Boys, or, With the Great Scout on His Last Trail, #355, Kit Carson on a Mysterious Trail, or, Branded a Renegade, #395, Kit Carson's Kit, or, The Young Army Scout, #406, Kit Carson, Jr. in the Wild Southwest, or, The Search for a Lost Claim (another of those fictitious boy heroes named for Carson), #504, Kit Carson, the King of the Scouts,

reprint of #25.

Not much of a showing for a great frontiersman like Kit in the colored covers, is it? The only other Carson item I know of is Kit Carson's Last Trail, by Leon Lewis, in Medal Library (Street & Smith). I'm not sure but that Lewis was Buntline or Ingraham.

Here is what "an Old Scout" had to say, in part, about Kit in Pluck and Luck #181, The Boy Rifle Rangers:

"In the year 1846 the settlement then called 'Bridgely', located on the upper Missouri, north of Fort Riley, was an outpost of the vanguard of civilization in its march westward.

"The frontier was at this period the scene of almost constant strife and thrilling episodes, for the hostile Indians, resenting the steady encroachment of the whites toward the land of the setting sun, were up in arms.

"The warpath of the merciless savages led everywhere, the trail of the white man being its only guide, and the menace of massacre and horror hung above the heads of the devoted whites like a sword of Damocles.

"The tomahawk and scalping knife had drunk the blood of innocent white women and their children. Isolated settlers had seen the lurid flames devour their homes, and brave men had died amid the fire and smoke, with the war whoops of the Indians ringing in their ears and drowning the prayers of loved ones.

"The settlement of Bridgely had thus far escaped an attack, however, and perhaps its exemption from Indian foray might be attributed in part to its proximity to the post of Fort Riley, for Bridgely was comparatively near the fort.

"But no doubt the fact that Kit Carson, the greatest of all wild western heroes, made his headquarters here when not on scouting service among the hostiles in the interest of the Government, had something to do with the immunity of Bridgely from Indian attack.

"The great scout had become a power in the Far West. His heroic

deeds and noble character had endeared him to the white settlers everywhere, and his name was known and feared by every Indian tribe from the Missouri to the Pacific coast.

"Near the western end of the little settlement which we are now writing about there stood a substantial log cabin, which was the home of Martin Wardlow, an excellent old gentleman who had become a personage of considerable importance on the border, because he was the Government land agent, and the only legal adviser in the neighborhood."

Wardlow's nephew, Frank Rodney, "had already won fame as a scout with Kit Carson," but the opening chapter finds him in a jam, accused of murdering a settler. The evidence against him is Rodney's knife in the dead man's heart and the words written in blood on the cabin wall: "Frank Rodney killed me!" There is a serious conference going on at the home of Wardlow.

"Just then the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Kit Carson himself. The hero of the border was a splendid specimen of the frontiersman. Clad from head to foot in buckskin, wearing Indian moccasins and a coonskin cap, he looked like a true knight of the wild woods ready, as he always was, to battle on the side of justice and right. The great scout brought the long rifle which he carried stock down upon the floor with a dull thud as the door closed after his entrance, and he said, emphatically:

"Well, I've struck a trail to foller to save Frank at last."

"Joyful exclamations greeted this welcome announcement, and the scout continued:

"You see I've got it out of Frank that his knife was stolen from him by some varmint unknown while he slept in solitary camp near the clearing of the murdered settler. Frank found the thief's trail, followed it some distance, an' then lost it. It appears the lad was so dumbfounded an' crushed in spirit like at first that he forgot this important point. I

mean to track down the varmint who stole Frank's knife, fer the thief is the real murderer of the settler. I'm a-goin' to save the boy or lose my hair."

"Again Kit Carson's long rifle thumped the floor by way of emphasis, and his ringing tones and flashing eyes told he was intensely earnest."

Kit has his work cut out for him, for, not only is his friend, Frank Rodney, in danger of hanging, but Red Bear, the Sioux chief, egged on by a renegade white man, is about to attack the settlement.

Big Foot Wallace (his real name was William Alexander Anderson Wallace) was around during the most turbulent times in Texas. One of the "tall Texans" for whom the Lone Star State is famous, though he came originally from Virginia. He arrived in Texas after the fall of the Alamo and the later defeat of Santa Anna. He rode with the Texas Rangers at the time when that famous frontier outfit wore buckskin and was continually fighting Indians, Mexicans and white outlaws. He fought in the Mexican War. Wallace's feet were not really oversized for a big man; there was a Waco chief, Big Foot, who used to invade Austin, to steal or kill if he got the chance, leaving his huge footprints, and on a certain occasion a settler charged Wallace with being the raider until the frontiersman's moccasin tracks were compared with those of the big Indian. Yet the nickname clung to Wallace the rest of his life.

The Waco tribe seems to have been pretty prominent in dime novels about Big Foot Wallace. Beadle's Dime Library #204 was Big Foot Wallace, the King of the Lariat, or, Wild Wolf, the Waco, by Buckskin Sam (Major Sam S. Hall). There was another about him in Dime Library—Wild Will, the Mad Ranchero, or, The Terrible Texans. A Romance of Kit Carson, Jr. and Big Foot Wallace's Long Trail, also by Major Hall. There's a similarity of title to Beadle's Dime #204 in Beadle's Half-Dime Library #394, Wild Wolf, the Waco, or Big Foot

Wallace to the Front, another about him by Major Hall, though I suppose it is an entirely different story.

Ned Buntline (E. Z. C. Judson) wrote of him in Log Cabin Library #97, Big Foot Wallace, the Giant Hero of the Border. There's another issue of that library, #99, entitled Big Foot's Band, or, Captain Wallace's Last Charge, by Red Tomahawk (a pseudonym of Robert Russell—Red Tomahawk was the name of the Indian policeman who shot Sitting Bull when the great Sioux chief's arrest was attempted). I rather doubt that the Big Foot in #99 is Big Foot Wallace. It was the name of a Sioux chief present at the battle of Wounded Knee, and there was a Captain George D. Wallace, of the United States cavalry, killed during that fight.

James Capen Adams, known as "Old Grizzly", was famous as a frontiersman and tamer of grizzlies. Born in New York State, he headed westward to the Rockies, and he must have possessed an uncanny power over wild animals. In appearance, with his long hair and full beard, clad in buckskin and fur cap, he was the typical mountain man. I believe that in later life, with his trick bears, he interested P. T. Barnum and joined the circus for a time. If Adams were living today, he certainly would be featured with Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey, The Greatest Show on Earth. There's one story in Pluck and Luck (Housey) which apparently relates his experiences with the circus, though I doubt he was young at the time—it's #8, Young Grizzly Adams, the Wild Beast Tamer. A True Story of Circus Life, by Hal Standish (probably H. K. Shackleford or Lu Senarens). It could have been Old Grizzly's nephew Captain J. F. C. Adams, in the story, although his nickname was "Bruin" Adams.

At any rate, Beadle & Adams featured Old Grizzly in their publications sometime before the Pluck and Luck story appeared. The earliest story seems to be Old Grizzly, the Bear Tamer in Beadle's Dime Novels #322, which was later reprinted in Beadle's

Half-Dime Library #247, under the title, Old Grizzly and His Pets, or, The Wild Huntress, by Captain J. F. C. Adams. It was also #181 of Beadle's Boy's Library, small size, the title being reversed, The Wild Huntress, or Old Grizzly, the Bear Tamer, by Captain Bruin Adams. Probably Old Grizzly Adams' nephew wrote this, though it could have been ghosted by Edward S. Ellis.

Old Grizzly Adams, the Bear Tamer, or, The Monarch of the Mountains was #11 of Beadle's Boy's Library, large size, and the author given as Dr. Frank Powell, but the style of writing appears to be Col. Prentiss Ingraham's. It was reprinted as #23 of Beadle's Boy's Library, small size. Col. Ingraham signed his name to Bruin Adams, Old Grizzly Adams' Boy Pard, #9 of Beadle's Boy's Library, large size, which was reprinted as #5 of the small size Beadle's Boy's Library. The title, Old Grizzly in the Rockies, or Bruin Adams, the Boy Ranger, by Ingraham, appearing both in the Ivers edition of Beadle's Boy's Library and Beadle's Pocket Library is no doubt the same biography of the younger Adams first published in the large size Beadle's Boy's Library, with title changed. Therefore, I figure there were three original Adams items, two about Old Grizzly and one about his nephew, not counting the Pluck and Luck circus story.

SUGGESTION BOX

By Bob Smeltzer

Bob Smeltzer writes that advertising in the Round-Up pays good dividends, as per his ad in the March issue; still getting orders. A word to the wise is sufficient.

This suggestion from your truly—"fillers-in"; most of us collectors accumulate a lot of newspaper clippings, small or duplicate dime novel papers, etc. Why not slip one or two into each outgoing parcel of dime novels.

Dime novels which do not move—stare us in the face year after year. Why not cut the price and get rid of them; they're only in the way.

Wrapping Novels: Roy Morris gets the "Oscar". When he gets through

wrapping a pack of novels they are so secure they would "imprison" an elephant. Remember the times when novels were mailed in a round roll. Just imagine what tough treatments they endured; but you will say "well, then novels only cost cents; now they cost \$\$\$\$."

NEWSY NEWS

by Ralph F. Cummings

Some more bad news. Bill McCafferty of Waxahachie, Texas, says he lost his brother, C. J. McCafferty, early in December, 1952. We all send our heartfelt sympathy to you, Bill. That leaves another brother besides himself now, they used to call themselves the 3 Musketeers. One day, while reading the newspaper, his brother spied a news item, on "Dick Merrill, the aviator", and he laughed and said, "Well, have they got that guy in this war? If so, it'll soon be won, you can't beat a Merriwell." C. J. used to be an avid dime novel reader in the old days.

I saw by the Antiquarian Bookman for March 21st that the post-office is planning to raise parcel post rates again. What are they trying to do, I wonder, squeeze us little fellows out of business or what. The greatest boost will be on packages over 10 pounds, enough to make us all sick.

Earl D. Newitt says that his father back in 1904 or before that, bought the old novels, such as Liberty Boys of '76, Tip Tops, Three Chums, Work and Win and Wild West, and they read of the thrilling adventures which were something in those days. Earl liked Liberty Boys the best.

Earle Barr Hanson sent in a clipping, The New York Times, Feb. 1st, 1953. "Frank Merriwell Rises from Ashes." According to this clipping there's a Frank Merriwell Club in New York City that's been running for over a year, and has over a hundred members now. They seem to only collect Frank Merriwell stories. I've written them, but no answer—when I do hear from them I'll make with more news in these columns.

Albert Farmer had a write-up in

the Lincolnton, N. C. Times, March 30th, 1953. "Worth \$400.00. Local Man Collects Dime Novels." Quite an article, but he thinks it was all gummed up than the way he told it (that seems to be the way the newspapers write things now, too bad.—Editor).

Michael Serdy of Homestead, Pa., is back in harness again, in deals in old novels, post cards, and what not. Remember the old days when he was a member way back in the early '30s?

TODAY'S CHILDREN

by Charles Duprez

Fellers, for quite a spell I have been doing her and there an article that I tried in a humorous vein, no doubt with many brothers it was just so much corn, but right now I feel I would like to write something that is more non-corn. 'Tis about our youth of today. Only the other day I happened to listen in on a radio program that dealt with the youthful gangs now cropping up. There were in this fifteen minutes, various teachers, etc., from at least ten big cities who told how the kids were getting so they simply, even with the Police department, could not, nor did not know just how to cope with this situation.

Some of the things I heard, kids not able to defend themselves either had to join the gang—or else. Now how are we headed? In our good old dime novel days, the hero, be it Merriwell or Fearnot, etc., just what could they have done? Surely, although they as the writer portrays their active abilities, no matter how good they were with their fists, what would they do if set upon by say ten or twenty ruffians, as it is today. It's really too bad the Kids today did not read Merriwell, always one who encouraged fair play. But now—what happens. In the gangs in all cities, the weaker has absolutely no chance. It does make us old timers begin to think, why all these wars to make the world a better place to live in when the ignorant and uneducated mobs seem to take over. Even Merriwell, great guy that he was would be unable to cope with

such tripe.

Sure I'm an old timer like you fellers no doubt are, most of you anyway, we had our fights, I had 'em, but it was all done in a fair way. I'm really beginning to lose confidence in what we all strive for, and that is a decent place to live where one can send his children to learn what all America stands for, and what all our boys fought for. When I was a kid, sure we liked guns, but not to kill. Today, huh, what they learn from the television and movies, every kid wants to carry a gun, a la cowboy. They don't seem to realize cow boys carried guns away back in the very early days. Why even away back in 1908 when I was out west no one was allowed to carry firearms within the town limits. This I know from my own experience, if you doubt, read my article in the Roundup, Following the Horses. In this I was shoved into the pokey for carrying one. So fellers, do write in to the Roundup here and there, let's have your reaction on the youth of today. What can be done to stop these teen agers from becoming what they are? Surely there must be a solution. All kids are good until they become inveigled with this tough unthinking type. I have living with me a youngster, eight years old, as smart a kid as you would want to meet. Now what happens if he should by chance get in with a bad crowd? I dread the thought. If the kid don't

join gangs, they seem to delight in destroying property, anything but the Merriwell way of letting out their energy. So fellers, here's Ima Tellinye signing off, and plenty steamed up about the youth as I see it today. In my next I'll get back into my nonsense.

Morris Brauner, 5223 Berks St., Philadelphia 31, Pa. (#128) has a new address.

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Let's not allow the Exchanges column to die for lack of use. It is open to every member wishing to use its columns. All that is necessary is for the member to drop a card or letter to the editor giving his ad. It will appear in the next issue. How about a flood of items for the next issue?

SMELTZER OFFERS

N. Y. Det. Lib. #612: James Boys First Fight with Old King Brady. Six pictures on cover, \$5.00.

Rare Ivers Beadle's Frontier Series; fine, 57 nos at \$1.00 each. 25 Westbrook edition (nice) \$5.00.

22 Frontier's (1925 mags.) \$4.00

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